

EMMA CORBETT;

OR, THE

Miseries of Civil War.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

EMMA FOREST

MISSISSIPPI

EMMA CORBETT;

OR, THE MISERIES OF CIVIL WAR.

FOUNDED ON
SOME RECENT CIRCUMSTANCES
WHICH HAPPENED IN AMERICA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
LIBERAL OPINIONS, PUPIL OF PLEASURE,
SHENSTONE GREEN, &c.

V O L. I.

The deadly Poison hath forsaken Henry,
And now pours all its torment upon Emma.

Parodied from THOMSON.

The sons against the FATHERS stood;
The PARENTS shed their CHILDREN's blood.

SMOLLETT.

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T O

DR. DELACOUR.

S I R,

I AM not going to ascribe to you a miracle. I renounce enthusiasm, and think too highly of your understanding to insult it by flattery. But, so far as *second* causes may be necessary to fulfil the fiat of the *first*, in the government of human affairs, I do, in the most solemn manner, believe, you were the means of saving me, in the last summer, from death.

Prior

Prior to the event which procured me the benefit of your advice, it had been my chief pleasure to compose the volumes which now approach you. Struck by an uncommon tenderness in the circumstances, whereon the work is founded, I wished earnestly for health to finish what might prove a source of virtuous entertainment. Not that I laid any stress on my *own* effort towards it, but because the facts were pre-eminently beautiful in *themselves*; and courted every addition of fancy, with every embellishment of the heart. I recovered. Emma Corbett was concluded.

concluded. The incidents, without the least literary adornment, take a strong hold of the feelings; and, probably, will owe more to their simplicity and native TRUTH, than if, by a more elaborate effort, I had robbed them of this *genuine* advantage.

The tear of Sensibility is at once the softest and best evidence of the praise which it is my ambition to merit on this occasion: and if it be my lot to enjoy this honour, you cannot be ignorant of the means by which it has been conferred. Notwithstanding this,
every

every thing, which tends to shew the world how entirely your *generosity* prevailed over your *interest*, will, I know, be interdicted. I comply therefore, Sir, with the proscriptions of delicacy, though I am thereby deprived of doing justice: and with whatever difficulty I repress the current of my gratitude; only reserving to myself the pleasure to declare publicly, how much I am, Sir,

Your most obliged

And most obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR.

BATH, April 1, 1780.

EMMA CORBETT.

LETTER I.

TO HENRY HAMMOND, ESQ.

HAMMOND, you have hurt me. I can no longer look on you with pleasure. Forbear your visits. My daughter Emma shall not be yours. I have an objection. Will you hear it explained? Being explained, will you *remove* it? You can: you ought: you *must*; or this closes our connection. To be at a

Vol. I.

B

word,

word, will you render it *possible* for me to call you my son? I write in confidence. Reply without delay. I love exactness. Farewell.

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER

EMMA CORBETT.

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LETTER II.

MR. HAMMOND'S ANSWER.

THERE is then a possibility, O my dear Mr. Corbett, of surmounting this objection. Do you ask, as a petition, what you might claim as a command? Generous friend! O name the circumstance, hint your expectations, and give me—all that I can desire—an opportunity to obey them. Have you not been the guardian of my youth? Are you not the father of Emma? I am all impatience, and I am

Ever yours,

HENRY HAMMOND.

B 2

LETTER

LETTER III.

TO MR. HAMMOND.

YOUR promises are fair, and the language in which they are expressed, is proper to your age, and suitable to your character. I hasten to give you the opportunity you invite.—Resign your commission,—*that* commission which, against all dissuasive hints, you have solicited and procured. Transfer your sword, or else draw it in the cause of liberty and heaven. Your school-fellow, Edward, has, as you know, fallen a victim to these hostilities. My darling son is no more. He was plentifully provided for in the colonies,—The spot which he occupied was disforested

forested by his ancestors, who, at the cost of infinite toil, turned to a smiling domain, what they found a wilderness, inauspicious to every purpose of society. It descended to this unhappy youth just as tyranny began to forge chains for freedom; and he traversed the sea to defend his property. He would not suffer the legacy of his uncle to be ravished from him by the spoiler, while a hand remained to prevent the plunder. He took possession of the land, which before was under the superintendence of an agent. You know how soon he was invaded,—how soon his little territory was laid waste,—his house set fire to—and how, when the enemy advanced to his door, he was hurried

into arms. He became a soldier on necessity. He fought—He fell!——

The blow which killed a son had well nigh killed a father also.—Yet, in presence of Emma and you, I exerted my utmost fortitude. But the wound is not healed; it is still bleeding at my heart. To men's eyes it seems well. I have tyed about it a political bandage, yet I secretly detest every principle which *begun*, and every motive which *continues*, this *assassination of America*. Long I have kept the anguish of these sentiments to myself. It makes no part of my conversation—but now, finding your ardour, O my dear Harry, likely to take a wrong direction, it is time to speak—it is time

time to tell you, what will *lose* and what *gain* me for *ever*. Hammond, you are about to engage in a cruel cause—a cause to which I object both as patriot and as parent. The vigour with which you have fought to obtain an authority to go forth *amongst* your countrymen, *against* your countrymen, bears in it something shocking to my nature. Whom I thought tender, I find bloody. Do you desire to be a hero? the means are ready. Change the position of the attack, and *that* will, in itself, be heroism. Or, which is still *better*, if you could cultivate the embellishing arts of peace, and the Muses who love you, apologize to your patron the Earl, for the trouble you have given—take
the

the hand of Emma Corbett, and, with her, share the fortunes of her father.

These sentiments declare my opinion of your honour; and my esteem for your person is expressed in the presents I tender. Perceiving how obstinately you were bent to aid this fallacious plot against the rights of nature and mankind, I thought to let you go blindly on to blacken yet more the catalogue of British oppressors. But I well knew the source and progress of that sentiment which unites you to my only surviving child. And I feel myself unwilling, that the son of a dear deceased friend should thus prostitute his courage in an action so peculiarly base, so peculiarly barbarous.

barbarous. Emma, fortune, and my favour, are before you. You know the prizes, and you are not now ignorant of the only mode of conduct by which they can be obtained. Farewell then. Think seriously, venerate my trust, and do not forfeit my esteem. I put you to the test.

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER

LETTER V.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

NO greater time is necessary to determine, than that which will be taken up in penning the determination. I *do* venerate your trust. My principles make sacred every man's private opinion; but the very same principles compel me to forfeit even *your* affection, sir, if it is to be preserved at the price of my duty. We, unfortunately, happen to see the American dispute in opposite lights; it is sufficient to a soldier that he believes his quarrel to be just. You arraign my humanity. Wherefore? I retort not the accusation. May we not consider a public contest in different

rent points of view, and yet be friends? Both may act from feeling, and both on principle. You imagine America is aggrieved, while I look upon *her* as the aggressor. What of that? do we interfere with the opinions of each other? I was not accessory to the death of your son; and had it been my fate to meet him in the field, I can conceive the point on which nature would have insisted. She would gracefully have led us both, a little from the line of duty, and spared one in sympathy to the other. Nay, more. Had I seen the sword tremble at his bosom, my own should for that moment have been as a shield, and you know not *how* far I would have ventured for the brother of Emma. But

as

as to the commission, O be assured, I did not solicit till I had well reflected on every consequence, probable and possible, of obtaining it. It is obtained, and I rejoice; nor could it be resigned to purchase a diadem, with Emma on a throne to wear it. Change fides! No, sir; if these are to be the terms, take back the hand you *permitted* me to win, and possess, undivided, her fortune and your own. You have not looked accurately at my soul. As I am not, on the one hand, so *sensual*, to gratify my passion at the expence of the holy faith and the solemn services which I have sworn to my country; so neither am I so *sordid* on the other, as to court her inheritance without many endeavours, consistent

sistent with the powers of my youth, to add something to her fortune. Patrimony hath dropt from my hope, but nature may, perhaps, have bestowed the equivalent. The arts of war, rather than those of peace, seem, at this conjuncture, to lay the strongest claim to the genius of a young Englishman; and I have no notion of that indolence which can be content to fall into the arms of beauty and prosperity, without a single effort to deserve them. If, sir, I have any tender interest in the heart of Emma—as I think I have, it has been more generously fought. But why do I argue with so much gravity, when perhaps you intend all this in the way of trial: willing to see if my attachment

to

to my native country was not less than my passion for my mistress. Yes, yes, this is your experiment. You wanted to know whether it was appetite or affection that influenced me in regard to your daughter, and you will not, I trust, be displeased to find the basis as solid as your friendship or solicitude might desire. Adieu, dear sir, I thank you for the stratagem: and glory in every success that draws me nearer to your heart. Adieu.

HENRY HAMMOND.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

TO MR. HAMMOND.

POOOR misguided youth, receive the last kindness I can ever shew you: receive my pity. You will, however, in common politeness, cease to render yourself unwelcome, and save me from an appearance of inhospitality. I think you ought, as a man of honour, to drop corresponding with Emma, and let it seem to be your own act and deed, self-suggested, and self-inspired. This, however, your conscience will best settle. To that I refer you. As you so soon depart, a few more letters cannot be very material. Farther avowals of love, however, I shall consider as seductions.

ons. Farewell. To wish you success in your undertakings, would be to partake of your folly: you will therefore excuse me. I will only say, what is perfectly true, that I am extremely sorry for you. Heaven place your feet in a fairer path. In that you are going to tread, Mr. Hammond, you may find havock and horror, but never can find either honour or happiness.

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

APPREHEND nothing from my intrusion, sir. I never enter any house, whose doors do not move willingly to receive me. What you are pleased to call seduction appears to me so absolute a propriety, that I must take the liberty to persist in it. I have reason to think the affections of your daughter are engaged. I cultivated them under your approving smile, and with your immediate sanction. I have not a heart that can put on or cast off its partialities, exactly as the opinions of a third person—even tho' he be a father—happen

to fluctuate. It is Emma, therefore, and *only* Emma, can prevail with me to stop the current of affection or of correspondence. I refer you to *her* conscience, since it is not an apt reference you make to mine. I suggest no disobedience, but shall never violate one tittle of that faith, which, as a voluntary bond of soul, is firmly given by Emma Corbett to

HENRY HAMMOND.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

TO HENRY HAMMOND, ESQ.

INEXORABLE boy, I shall urge you no more. Here let all connexion close for ever. When I permitted you, under the fair disguise of simplicity which you assumed, to seek the affections of my child, I had no conception there beat in your bosom so sanguinary a heart. Yet, practise on her as you please, she will return, I trust, to her duty, and have done with her deceiver.

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

HAVE a care, sir. You are going over perilous ground. Do not, as a Partizan, extinguish what I feel for you as the Parent of Emma. I obey so much of your injunction as is possible, and desire this may be the last of our letters. Yet, I cannot finish without a few more sentiments. The chances of war, Mr. Corbett, offer no security from the plunder of the enemy. My safe return to these shores is uncertain. I may become a prisoner: or I may fall. That part of your correspondence, therefore, which relates to a political subject, will be best in your own possession. You will find

find it inclosed. No accident can tear the deposit from my breast, but I dare not trust a less faithful asylum. That Heaven may bless you, and make us once more friends, is the fervent prayer of your

H. HAMMOND.

LETTER X.

TO HENRY HAMMOND, ESQ.

YOUR generous spirit charms while it distresses me. O, Hammond! why have you thrown this new motive for relapsing tenderness in my way? Why did you not rather add fuel to flame, and strengthen my displeasure? Cruel Henry! Why will you not accept my friendship upon conditions so humane? It is not even yet too late. You still have it in your power to unite real happiness with true honour. Labour, I conjure you, to bless me and yourself. I pant to embrace you, to give you the paternal benediction, and to give you, *with it*, my only child.

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER XI.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

IT is not possible to be done in the way you propose; though there is none other that I would not eagerly attempt. Yet, to leave my Emma's father alienated, is to go with a dagger in my bosom. O! it will be sufficiently painful, without the aid of such aggravation. Let me implore you, Sir, to point out some *other* means of reconciliation. Think, O think!

HENRY HAMMOND.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

TO HENRY HAMMOND, ESQ.

IT will not *admit* a thought: nor are there *any* other means within reach. There is, there can, there *shall* be none.

C. CORBETT.

LETTER XIII.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

THEN let me beg of you to drop the subject, and to believe, in this farewell sentence, that there is not a blessing in human life which is not sincerely wished you, by

H. HAMMOND.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

TO HENRY HAMMOND, ESQ.

YOUR ship will not be ready, then, to bear you into the paths of danger, for some days. How uniformly amiable is your solicitude—dearest and best of friends—and how kind your attention to every circumstance that has the least tendency to affect my ease and my welfare! I reflect upon your generous kindness with a kind of weeping rapture that wants a name: but, thank Heaven, I find my nature sufficiently susceptible, and my heart sufficiently enlarged, to answer the demands which your tenderness and constancy are daily drawing for; and, though it be
a proud

a proud boast, I will venture to say, that, in sentiment and friendship, in good will and good wishes, I can never die your debtor. Yet this little delay, my dear Henry!—into what an exultation of spirit did it not throw us? Last night, my beloved friend—oh, last night! the hours betwixt six and ten!—have you any idea of a period that could be rated in comparison with them? What a space! It was all spirit and all soul. Every inferior sense was annihilated, and the registering angel, if such there be, can hardly have marked a passage, more soft, more affectionate, more beautiful, or more pure. During the whole course of that precious interview, alike elegant and ardent were the

the expressions of our lips, the flutterings of our bosoms, and the feelings of our hearts—not a look, not a word, not a whisper, not a moment, but memory shall hoard with dearest care, and dwell upon with increasing satisfaction: Virtue shall be summoned to open her immortal page, and transcribe the correct pleasures of last night amongst the whitest transactions of humanity. O! 'twas a lovely, melancholy period, that the heart will dwell upon with tenderest affection, while it remains accessible to any soft impression. After you left me, my friend, I continued still in converse with you, or personally in vision pure, or by the assistance of this little instrument, as fancy took the lead.

lead. The bright scenes that were then painted—with all their vivid images around me—how, how shall I describe them? Ah, Henry! the closer I look into your heart—the deeper and the more deliberately I examine and analyze its properties, the more I admire and applaud. Oh, my friend! my most congenial and most amiable friend, could I speak or write of the spotless hours which we have passed together, with half the heart-felt satisfaction that I think of them—my language would be indeed eloquent:—it would emulate your own.

“Ye Prudes in Virtue say,

“Say, ye severest,”
do I confess too much? ah that I knew words sufficiently ardent to say more!

I am

I am unequal to the task. It is pride and gratitude, sensibility and softness. Such are my fixed and solemn sentiments, not spoken at hazard, but grounded on the most perfect experience. The propriety of my choice has been confirmed, "Proofs have assisted Proofs, and still the last is the strongest."

Doubt not but I have read the sentiments which meant to reconcile me to your departure, again and again, as tenderly as attentively. I have, indeed, perused and re-perused them till the characters are almost washed away; I only mean, from the paper. The impressions remain *uninjured* elsewhere. O Hammond, Hammond,
how

how the soft emotions agitate the heart at the command of your affecting pen! As I read your pages of this morning, distress and joy, complaint and resignation, the tear of anguish and the smile of hope, all struggled together. In every pulse I felt the force of your tender eloquence. It had power to smooth the rugged front of war, and I represented you returning victorious from the battle. Every varying sensation took its turn to reign: at one moment I was soothed, at another chilled. What feeling of the soul did not alternately assert its dominion? I was disturbed, quieted, agonized, and made supremely happy. Yet, O my friend, it requires an inspiration, even brighter than your own, to disguise

guise the tempest which is gathering around me, and to render me insensible. I am not prone to make any event in life a source of unnecessary misery. On the contrary, I have a strong constitutional propensity to content, and a kind of resisting quality in my nature, which disposes me to ward off all imaginary evil. But the departure of Henry is *not* an imaginary evil. It is a blow, which, however suspended, cannot fail most deeply to affect whenever it falls; and fall it must, within the compass of—what? a few days—ah, my God! spare, spare me;—the tribute of my tenderness is streaming on my paper. My hand trembles in obedience to the terrors

terrors of my heart, and I drop the pen.

EMMA.

IN CONTINUATION.

I must add to this letter a few after observations, which a re-perusal of it has given birth to. In the closing passages, perhaps it may appear that I have said too much. I am never quite satisfied with my expressions; afraid, from motives of the most delicate consideration, lest I should say too little or too much. I often repress what rises to my lip, and look cautiously, with the mind's eye, at every fond emotion before I dare venture to give it the stamp of language. But you are going from me. Ah! go not with

with one sentiment against your Emma. If, in compliance with the decent usage of the world, or the prejudice of a worthy father, or my particular sense of that precise decorum, which it becomes every unmarried woman to adopt: If, Henry, I have hence, at any time, been withheld from more cordial declarations—declarations which you might well expect in return for yours, so ardent and so elegant—*allow* for me, allow for my sex, allow for my situation. Consider that I am a woman, and a daughter, as well as the choice of Henry. *That* honour, which is so dear to us both, hath a claim to various duties. My nature keeps such a jealous eye upon my conduct, that an

instinctive something, like the internal disapprobation of a wrong measure, has often silenced the tenderest terms, lest I should pass that sacred barrier, which constitutes the chief delicacy in the character of a single woman. Perhaps, I have carried this scruple to an extreme; but I could no more help it than I can prevent the tear from starting to my eye so often as I turn my thoughts towards a separation. You have sometimes looked as if you blamed me: but my error is, at worst, a little exuberance, springing from a fair stem, and produced in a good soil; nor will my dear Henry think ill of me for indulging it. Acquit me then, oh! acquit me of all contemptible finesse, and do not believe

believe that I can be one moment insensible, unmindful, or ungrateful.

Your last letters, my friend, shall be preserved as reliques of virtue, victorious over every selfish principle; and, whenever I sicken at the folly and depravity of mankind, I will turn to those precious pages, *there* feast upon the hidden treasures of a tender heart, forget the silly pageants that form society, and, for thy dear sake, be reconciled to the species. Again, adieu!

EMMA.

LETTER XIV.

TO EMMA CORBETT.

THE delightful letter of my charming Emma is lying in my bosom, as I take up the pen to reply. It came to hand at my poor Louisa's—at the house of my languishing and lovely sister; she told me she expected you. I pass'd an hour of pleasing attendance, after which it became painful—ah, *how* painful!—You did not come. Why was this? Yet it matters not. It was not *possible*, or it was not *fit*. The *fit* and the *possible*, you know, are the principles which govern our affection. I wanted heroism, nevertheless, to support the suspense with decent composure.

ture. Louisa said to me, with a tear assisting the eloquence of her expression,—“*What*, brother, hath not the long tenor of a sister’s wretchedness and disappointment—disappointment which is to last for *ever*, taught you to bear the loss of a *single* interview?” I felt the force of the appeal, but continued to be uneasy. My sister withdrew, and my anxiety increased. By way of mitigation, I took up a pen which lay before me, and marked with it my emotions. I marked them, my Emma, in numbers, “for the numbers came.” Let them be acceptable. Let the sincerity in the sentiment atone for any defect in the poetry. Send me word that you are composed, and let me meet you, as

chearful as you ought to be, in the morning. Louisa will look for you by ten o'clock. Poor Louisa! ah, that Edward had not fallen!—Ah, that the brother of Emma was yet alive!—that he saw the injuries done to this unhappy country with *my* eyes, and that, as much inspired by Louisa as I by Emma, he was now making loyal preparation to fight the battle of Britain by the side of

HENRY HAMMOND.

Verses

*Verses written by Mr. HAMMOND, in
the moments of waiting an interview
with EMMA.*

TENDER tremors touch the bosom,
As the gentle hour moves by;
Expectation, almost weeping,
Tip-toe stands in either eye.

II.

Ah! what precious perturbations
Haunt the fancy of a friend;
Half an hour, of watchful waiting,
Seems a period without end.

III.

When the clouds hang dark and heavy,
Disappointment o'er me low'rs:
But as *fairer* fleeces favour,
Hope bestows her promis'd flow'rs.

IV. Soon

IV.

Soon again soft fears assail me,
 Since the visit is delay'd;
 Then—ah then—'tis apprehension,
 Of a thousand things afraid.

V.

Haply sickness may detain her—
 Thus imagination cries:
 Haply pain, or haply peril—
 Then this bosom bleeding lies.

VI.

Ev'ry step that strikes the pavement,
 Ev'ry summons at the door;
 Ev'ry sound of passing coaches,
 Warm and chill these pulses more.

VII.

Now I dread th' excusing message,
 Now I dread some dire disease;
 Too much wind, or too much sunshine,
 Robs alike this breast of ease.

VIII.

VIII. Heav'n

VIII.

Heav'n must make a morn on *purpose*,
To compose the gentle heart;
Zephyrs bland must fan the season,
Airs their softest balms impart.

IX.

Not a breath too *much* or *little*,
Not too hot or cold a ray,
Must impede the expectation,
When 'tis Emma's *meeting* day.

X.

Yet perchance, these lovely flutt'ring
Beauteous fears, and kind distress,
Do but serve the more to heighten
Tender Henry's happiness.

XI.

When the fair *indeed* approaches
Every rosy terror's o'er;
After little scatter'd cloudings,
Sunbeams only bless us more.

XII. Thus

(Stanzas added when Mr. HAMMOND
was about to depart.)

XII.

Thus the flow'r, which blows at morning,
Opens more and more till noon;
Then, as chilling eve comes onward,
Ev'ry colour seems to swoon.

XIII.

But perhaps, *to-morrow's* radiance
May rise *lovelier* from the rain,
And the bloom which 'erst did languish
Shall revive to bloom again.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

TO HENRY HAMMOND, ESQ.

WHATEVER is elegant, beautiful, or amiable, in that fair blossom, the human understanding, under the highest culture, is expressed in the correspondence of my dear Henry; especially in the precious favour that was inclosed in his last billet, dated from the apartment of Louisa. Ah, that Emma were an accomplished judge, whose plaudits might reflect all the honour which my hero deserves to receive! This being impossible, let it suffice, that you have, in these tender effusions, furnished your Emma with new proofs of tenderness, though none were necessary

cessary to compleat the measure of either sentiment in my bosom. Yet such charming repetitions and innovations can never be unwelcome; nor will Hammond refuse or overlook this unassuming tribute—this humble and acknowledging page, which simple nature and affection offers. It is not the full foliage of the laurel, but it is the little unobtrusive leaf of gratitude and love.

Yet must I not, and ought I not, to tremble while I praise? O, this America, my Henry! These chances of war! A theatre of mischief already fatal to the lover of Louisa—I faint under the thought! The time steals on, even while I am talking of its lapse.

lapse. Your virtues all known—
all tried—all pressing on the eye, and
twining round the heart. It is terrible—it is too much! In mercy be
less kind—less amiable—less engaging. Oh, if you draw the chain thus
close—thus near; if you bind the
lovely fetter thus hard—till every
comfort and every joy *depends* on the
near and exquisite contact; if you
contrive thus to annihilate every object
but yourself—to create a void in
nature—or fill it in my idea only by
your existence—and that existence is
to be exposed to hourly peril—what
is to become of me? Or when cruel
necessity shall tear you from me,
which she is preparing to do, how
am I to support it? Fancy sickens to
reflect

reflect upon the vast and formidable distance that is so soon to divide us. To separate for such a purpose too! How few hopes—how few consolations! Correspondence will be delayed—interrupted—interdicted. The soft and sweet solace flowing from pen to pen will henceforth lie at the mercy of winds and waves. Our sentiments will depend upon the terrifying circumstances of war. We shall no longer breathe the same air, repose in the same island—walk under the same hemisphere; but separation—uncertainty, and wretchedness, must ensue.

O dire and deadly spirit of contention—patron of carnage, and encourager of bloodshed!—O thou, who
ragest

ragest most unnaturally in the human bosom, (where all the graces and the affections should inhabit) and settest man against man—Thou who hast swept a brother untimely to the grave, and left a father, a sister, and a lover, to mourn his fate—Thou whose spear seems now trembling over my panting heart, which bleeds at the dangers of the youth whom I adore—Oh, mischievous WAR! armed at all points against the happiness and humanity of the species—how various and how dreadful are thy horrors!

I cannot bear it Henry!

Yet let me think a little.—Are you not resolved—what then am I doing?
labouring

labouring to unman you? Ah! forgive my inconsistency—I cannot help it—indeed I cannot. No words, no pen, not even your *own*, my best friend, all-eloquent, all Promethean as it is, can paint the effusions of nature as they burst from me at this affecting moment. Consider the fate of Edward, and think of what may be your own: consider the sorrows of Louisa, and think on what may soon be those of Emma. Yet what have I said—am I not satisfied with the most affectionate and invariable solicitude, but I must interfere with a mode of conduct, which, you assure me, is a duty not to be laid aside without dishonour. Alas! Henry, I am reduced by this cruel commission of yours, to a very bitter

bitter exigence, which neither permits me to censure or approve. I dare not write any more, for I feel the tide of overwhelming softness pouring on me. Perhaps I might advise you, at this tender crisis to——

No. I will not *trust* myself with the pen. It would sully me, in your *esteem*, should I longer hold it. O Henry, Henry, pardon and pity me. Preserve *me* by preserving *yourself*. Give not to glory *more* than is her due, but make some *little* reserves for the trembling

EMMA.

LETTER XVI.

TO EMMA CORBETT.

A LAS! what is to be done with this bleeding tenderness of yours? For Heaven's sake, temper your sensibility with a little discretion, my beloved Emma. Your elegant and affecting pages penetrate me to the soul. The tears of anguish mingle with those of admiration as I read them. Yet let me implore you to strengthen *your* mind a little, lest you wholly debilitate *mine*. Let not your Henry disgrace the cause he is to defend, nor sully the profession he has chosen. Dear, unhappy friend, make one great and generous effort to support your drooping spirits, to sustain your wasting

ing

ing frame, and to preserve a life so valuable to *me*, that the same stroke——

I cannot pursue the subject——
Rouse, rouse yourself, my Emma.—
For my sake, let all your fortitude be exerted: we are both young;—there is the same protecting Providence by water as by land; in the fields of war, as on the plains of peace. The *future* is a wide space, and may contain within its circle a thousand blessings. Struggle then against the storm bravely. Your inferences are too gloomy: various opportunities will offer, doubt not, to speed our generous intercourse. The wide world of sentiment and sensa-

tion still opens upon us. By aid of this little friendly instrument, we may range through those paths which ocean seems to separate. However remote, you should still learn to think it a superior blessing, that, in some part of animated nature, there still exists the counterpart of Emma—congenial as dear—one, whom no circumstance can change, but who must ever remain true to every touch of joy, and every trembling of woe. Look, Emma, at the paltry passions, and vulgar gratifications of common life—of common lovers. Look attentively at these, and then examine your own heart—examine mine. Consider the pure nature of the affection that unites them.—Does not the superiority

ority of our attachment make you generously proud? O, Emma! you ought not to be wretched. We have both reason to be content.

Does Emma still weep? Let her rather gratefully acknowledge, that though this pure source of sacred amity is occasionally embittered, as is, more or less, *every* affection of the virtuous heart—there are moments in which happiness breaks forth with a lustre that makes amends for every intervening vexation. Such was the period, when I wrote those hasty lines which you have honoured with most dear praise. In striking the balance then, let us not complain, my friend; but, when fretting at disappointment,

or drooping under the languors of distress, let us support ourselves with the assurance, that the rich current will return after all obstructions, and flow sweetly and smoothly along its proper channels. Its source, my dear Emma, can never be exhausted. It is as the chrystal fountain of living water, which streams for ever, and suffers no impurity to remain upon its surface.

Ah! what is there so likely to melt the spirit of a soldier into cowardice, as the tears of Emma? She will not then give *way* to the tender torrent. She will court the balmy blessings of ease and hope. She will check these convulsive transports of distress, so destructive

destructive to my honour, and her own health. She will buffet the wild waves of adversity, nor thus suffer them to overwhelm her. Consider of these things, O my beloved Emma! Come then, my friend, be still yourself; repose with perfect confidence upon that faithful pillow which my affection prepares for you; seek to amuse and to solace; cease to murmur and repine.

Do these things, and all your generous wishes shall be rewarded—Do these things, and all shall be well. Peace shall revisit your gentle bosom, and spread her whitest plumes about your pillow.

HENRY HAMMOND.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

TO LOUISA HAMMOND.

I CAN make no terms with this rash brother of yours. He is predetermined. Try *your* influence, for the sake of Emma—the sake of your murdered Edward—for your *own* sake, and for that of him who *would* have been your father, and who is *still* your most affectionate *friend*,

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

WHEREFORE, in the closing scene of my life, do you thus agonize me? Is that consistent with the characters of parent or of friend? My brother strongly imagines he is going into the paths of duty.—The hapless Edward, though he trod on the opposite side, imagined, alas! the same. If the intercession of Emma fails, what can Louisa do? I, *every* way want power. I want every thing but *resignation* to the sovereign will of Heaven, to which I have brought myself.—Do not rob me of it, by reviving images which I have neither body or mind to bear—but leave me,
Mr.

Mr. Corbett, I beseech you, leave me, to the force of my religious principles, without awaking the passions I have lulled. On the day that my brother fails, I shall set out from this hurrying town, for my eternal retirement.

Farewell.

LOUISA HAMMOND.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

TO HENRY HAMMOND, ESQ.

HOW sweetly, how elegantly, you reprove me, Hammond! and how grateful, how pleasing, are the tears that I have shed over the pages before me! I blush to think how far you surpass me, Henry! Hope seldom spreads her day-dreams over *me* in those instances where her sweet delusions would be the most acceptable. But *you* have *inspired* me—Poor, pathetic Louisa, what would *she* give to have Edward, even in the situation of Henry! Avaunt then, impious despair! I am easier. I am better. Infinitely easier—infinately better. I give you my word and honour that I
am.

am. Yet the *dreaded* day is always obtruding—it appears like some malignant spirit, crossing me at every turn—at every step. How perverse is human nature, which disposes us to reject the joy in possession, and anticipate sorrows which may never come! O for the beautiful hour of your return, my friend! It *will* arrive Henry, will it not? and, in the mean time, your sympathizing tenderness shall be salutary—indeed it shall. It *is*.

Melt you into *cowardice*, did you say? Heaven forbid! Eyes instantly be dry—your tears will prove a heresy to the object of my heart. O Henry you have touched me nearly. The consideration

sideration—the single consideration of your *Honour* shall reconcile me to a separation. Go then—pursue the ways of glory,—and Oh, may they lead, speedily, to peace and

EMMA.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

TO EMMA CORBETT.

NOW then, my ever dear Emma, summon to your aid, all your confidence and all your courage. The separating moment comes on. The failing orders are received. It is the voice of my country that calls upon me—calls in the hour of extremity. She summons her sons to arm in her defence. Shall I not hear—shall I not obey her? Yes. I have the sanction of my friend—I go under the auspices of Emma. Her approbation is the animating trumpet—Her virtue arrays me for the battle. Methinks I now behold the lovely Emma, beaming inspiration through beauty, standing

ing before me. Away, (she cries)
away Henry: I yield to the graceful
sacrifice. I lend you to my King: I
trust you to Britain—I give you in
charge to that Providence, on whose
equity we shall ultimately have claim:
I submit. Go then my Henry—
farewell.—Go—

As the vessels pass and repass, my
Emma, we will faithfully interchange
the affectionate enquiries: we will,
with dear tautology, repeat the vows
which shall one day be solemnized.
But the parting adieus must this night
be paid. Let me breathe them into
your bosom, O best of women, at the
house of the lovely sister of my soul.
I will write no more. Let the silent
tears

tears of Louisa be as a check upon our complaints. If patience can comfort *her* in the hours of *despair*, surely pleasure might smile upon *us* in the moments of *hope*! Consider the nature of the exigence that appeals to my firmness, and do not take from me that force—that ardour—that intrepidity—which are publicly due, in times like these, to *your* country and to *mine*. Adieu.

H. HAMMOND.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

TO HENRY HAMMOND, ESQ.

IT may not be, my brother. I cannot see you in the last hours of your stay in England: I love you too dearly to support it. It is not even now, without pain, I hold the pen. My tenderness is too strong, and my constitution too weak, to bear such an interview—to bear the tears of Emma, the embraces of my brother, and my own distress. Excuse me, therefore. It is true affection that persuades me to retire. I will not unman you, nor add to the weight of Emma's sympathy. I will take my head from this weary pillow, and set out for my cottage before you come. This illegible

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F

scrawl

scrawl shall be delivered by the servant whom I will leave to attend you. My wishes for you need not be repeated. You do not want to be told how much I love you. Yet I have one little request, nor will you refuse it to poor Louisa.

You are going to the spot where the dearest and loveliest of men—suffer me to call him so, and do not oppose the voice of party to the language of nature—lies murdered, or if you like the term better—lies honourably slain.

His memory is precious to me, Henry—his *ashes* cannot be indifferent. O! if you could but find the
ground

ground where he fell—if you could but assure me that his sacred reliques—if you could but breathe over them one pious tear, and one tender sigh—for Louisa's sake. But it is impossible—I feel my weakness, and perhaps, I shall infect you with it.

Yet, as your bosom is at this time full of love, it is fitted for generous actions. Should, therefore, kind fortune have allowed, amidst the tumults of the war, one little commemorating hillock of earth to the remains of Edward—O! forget not to visit it—forget not to guard it from further violence—forget not it is consecrated by a deluge of tears from a sister's eyes; by friendship and by love. Adieu.

LOUISA HAMMOND.

L E T T E R XXII.

TO HENRY HAMMOND, ESQ.

THE appointment is made, and I shall, by a lucky arrangement, be able to pass with you some hours of elegant distress. Alas! my friend, my dear Henry, nature will insist upon her tribute, and I cannot—indeed I cannot—refuse to pay it. Yet you charm down the genius of grief by strong language; and I love you, I hope, too much to dishonour you. About the rights of conquest I know nothing—I only know, that as I lost a brother on *one* side of this bloody question, so, it is probable, I may lose even *more* than a brother on the *other*; and yet, both persuaded me they were in

in the way of their duty. Alas! how shall reason draw her line on such occasions? Must not reason be dumb, and humanity mourn? But I have done. Women are *surrounded* by calamities; and nothing is left them but to bow, in submission to their woe. I am indisposed, and beg you would allow me as much of this—Oh, how shall I write it—*last* evening as you can.

EMMA.

LETTER XXIII.

EMMA TO HER FATHER.*

YOU have found then, it seems, Louisa's billet, making the offer of her house this evening to Emma and to Henry. By what chance the note dropt I am ignorant. The hand of agitation is not, indeed, steady; nor can the agonized heart guard against common chances. I am not sorry that the paper, by whatever means, has got into *your* possession, oh, my dear father! It takes some part of the load from my bosom; for I am hurt to appear plotting that, which will so thoroughly bear explanation. You

* Written in her Chamber, previous to the Interview.

desire

desire Mr. Hammond to visit me no more. He obeys. You request that I would, without enquiring into reasons, forbear to speak of him to you. I am obedient. You desired that my utmost interest might be tried, to keep him from America. O, you can conjecture how *readily*, and, as you know Henry's darling passion, you may guess how *vainly*, I undertook this. The double pleasure of obliging you, my father, and of gratifying my own fond heart, prevailed with me to urge this point, till I had well nigh turned his affection to disgust. You bid me cease to love, and with the utmost ingenuousness I tell you it impossible—Impossible, my dear father, because repugnant to every principle by which

all the actions of my life have been governed.

My regard—O! that is too cold a word—my *love*, for Henry, is not, you know, the start of a moment, the romantic folly of a warm temper, nor the effect of that silly admiration, which pays down the tribute of folly to the charms of a red coat. I secretly grieve that the profession of arms should have been chosen: I have shed too many tears to the memory of my *brother*, to be in love with regimentals: but my tenderness was antecedent to all these misfortunes; nor will it be in the power of any misfortune to diminish what your judgment, and the eloquence of my own

own heart, have so long approved. Your present avowed displeasure against Mr. Hammond is sudden; but settled affection cannot readily accommodate itself to such revolutions. What is rooted in nature cannot, without much labour, be eradicated by art. As it displeases you, sir, I am concerned at this. But shall I deceive, in order to make my peace? Shall I be *unnatural*, in order to be *filial*? Shall I propensely, set one great duty against another, and so destroy the excellence of both? No. You would hate me for it, and I should hate myself. That I am, in this bitter period, when I am about to lose what you yourself so lately thought most precious, able to write with so much

argu-

argumentative composure, is, alas! no sign of my indifference, but an instance—perhaps the strongest that could be given—of that steady attachment, which, born of honour, is nourished by virtue. To be *attached*, is the dictate of nature. To be attached to a man of *sense* and *morals*, is the dictate of delicacy; and the symptom, I conceive, of a good disposition.—Such, my most honoured father, were the elementary rules I caught from you. Would you controvert your own maxims? Or, while the merit of the object increases, is it a fit time to withdraw from it the love, which nature and common sense seem to say should increase in proportion?

But

But you depend, I find, on the lenitives of absence, and the oblivions of time. I will not answer for the vigour of my own mind, for I know the frailty of our nature. If it is soothing to my father to count upon what these things *may* do, let me not destroy his source of expectation. I am not, thanks to *his* correcter culture, enough the giddy girl to burst forth into asseverations of *constancy ever-lasting*, merely to vex a parent by *setting my heart* against his wishes: I would desire rather to distrust my own temper; and, laying my affections open to his view, beg him to form his judgment upon a survey of them. But I dare not mislead one who hath so entire a right to be treated frankly.

I make

I make no vows; yet, in proportion as an attachment is deliberate, is it not stationary? and this being my first and only affection, (having besides a man of unblemished character and congenial manners for its object) have I not a right strongly to suspect——but enjoy the opinion you so strongly adopt. Bless you, my father, for the gentleness of your inhibitions. You do not threaten—You do not rave. These might have augmented my distress, but could not have abated my affection. A circumstance of which parents seem so unconscious, they destroy the effect of authority by the vehemence with which they exert it. They confuse, but do not convince: terrify, but do not conciliate; and almost

most justify disobedience, by their manner of enforcing duty.

Oh heaven! the clock is striking—the hour is come—the minute—the moment, is approaching. I will ring for a servant to take this into the parlour. My feet will scarcely carry me down stairs. An ingenuous nature appeals to you for pity, sir—will you refuse? Oh, my father, my father, my spirits have done their utmost, ere the trial is begun. Suffer me to be unhappy.—Prepare for me—oh! prepare for me the parental hand against my return, and do not let *my* tenderness abate *yours*. Adieu.

EMMA.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

HENRY TO EMMA.*

TEN minutes, while the chaise is getting ready, are mine: they shall be devoted to Emma. Check, I once more conjure you, the extreme of sensibility; a few silent tears, a few gentle sighs, and the luxury of a soft and tender sorrow, I wish not to restrain—but such another conflict as that of last night——

And yet I feel the absurdity of my own argument—Fasten not, however, on any desponding images. *We shall* meet again; and in happier days—

* After the Interview.

The sweets of social and family intercourse shall yet be our's, and in the dear bosom of domestic peace, we shall enjoy, without constraint, contrivance, or disguise, all the benefits of so delicate and well directed an attachment.—Trust me, we shall.

Ah my Emma, you owe yourself and me these reasonable encouragements, and I implore you to bestow them. If EMMA be not armed with fortitude, how can HENRY expect to conquer? It is too mighty a calamity to feel for her, and for himself.

The moment of departure is come. I am called. Adieu—dearest and most amiable of friends—adieu!

Hah!

Hah! yonder is your servant—He is running towards me—He is here—A packet! Precious fellow-traveler! I receive it just before I step into the carriage. I hurry to press a wafer on this flying billet. Heaven guard and give you its choicest blessings. Farewell—ten thousand times farewell.

HENRY HAMMOND.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

TO HENRY HAMMOND, ESQ.

YET, yet a few words, my loved friend, and then—what then? O, adieu for a tedious space—for days, weeks, months, years—perhaps for ever!

Ah, my poor heart!

Yet it is not so: this is the language of drooping nature, in her most desolate moment. It is our persons only that shall be separated, our souls shall be drawn perpetually together in converse sweet, communion high—pure as precious—delicate as delightful. What, alas! is space—what is dis-

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tance?

tance? Our hearts shall know no disunion—I will not, I *do* not despair.

Henry ! I am less wretched than I was last night; and though full fraught with tender sorrow—though my tears are flowing till they obscure my sight—you may see their traces on the paper—I will have faith in your prophecy.

What a day for your journey! it is emblematic of our affection: inclined to sunshine and to shower, to smiles and tears alternately. Be tender of yourself for *my* sake. Guard against cold from the poignant severity of the night air. The dangers to which you will *professionally* be exposed are, alas! sufficient;

sufficient; oh, do not add to them by neglect. Farewell. I will think of you very tenderly, and pray for you very fervently. Heaven bless, sustain, and comfort you. How my hand lingers—but time grows short, and unless I make one violent effort, the period of getting this to your hand may escape.—Therefore, in one decisive and affecting word——Farewell.

EMMA.

LETTER XXVI.

TO SIR ROBERT RAYMOND.

MY DEAR BARONET,

I HAVE not yet had one glimpse of opportunity to mention those proposals to my daughter, which are so acceptable to me. I can only tell you, the young man is gone. To deal plainly with you, she is much attached; but when you have cultivated her acquaintance, I hope she will be judicious enough to make distinctions. Follow your design of making my house yours, till you go into the country, and then many occasions will present themselves of discovering that merit which I am sure the generous

Emma

Emma will not be able to resist. I am resolved against Hammond, so that you need not fear a jarring interest. A girl and boy inclination is fugitive. Sir Robert Raymond will inspire, I trust, a superior passion on a superior principle. Come to us immediately, and join in our parties.

Ever yours,

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER XXVII.

TO EMMA CORBETT.

I FLOAT on the bosom of the ocean while I write this: but, as if in courtesy, the wind is changed, or rather it ceases to blow sufficiently, and in this harbour we are to ride till it rises. You well know, in what manner I shall employ the interval; it shall be dedicated to softness and to Emma. I have perused your dear parting legacy—no, not legacy, that is too funereal a word—your parting pledge.—Yes, I have perused it, and, soldier as I am, do not blush to tell you that I have wept over its contents. I pressed it with fervent and chaste ardour to my lips and to my bosom—

I laid

I laid it soft and close upon the panting heart, and am relieved—as much so, my Emma, as I ought to be, or as is consistent with human nature at this crisis. Oh, my dear friend, it is indeed a pathetic period. I now feel that I had set myself too hard a task. I pretended to rally it off as a military manœuvre; but I find “he jests at scars that never felt a wound.” Nature revolted, and I have suffered more from not giving her fair play. The anguish of my mind——

[There is no brother officer at my elbow, and I may safely whisper forth my lovely weakness to Emma.]

—The anguish of my mind bore down all before it; and now the matter is over, I will confess, that the last hour I pass'd in your company, my friend, was the most painful of my life. How are you at this moment, my Emma? O, how many questions have I omitted—how many have I yet to ask? O, for another hour! At the end of the first stage I was strongly inclined to order the postillion to drive back. I had recollected much, and that, methought, of moment too, to say—but I found it was only lingering nature, reluctant to let go its object, and would have amounted to nothing more than tender repetition. It would but have enfeebled both, and deepened in each bosom the poignancy of
sorrow.

forrow. Again, my dear Emma, farewell. May Heaven bring us once more within reach of each other.—*You* such as I wish you. *Me* such as you would have me. I shall now seek the bed, or rather the hammock; it is somewhat awkward to me. The sea is not, you know, a soldier's element, and it will take a little time ere I can fit myself to the fatigues of it.

HENRY HAMMOND.

P. S. O, be very tender to my beloved Louisa. Supply a brother's absence; nurse her declining health; draw, as if by stealth, the softest images over the solemn sadness of her soul; and let not so much beauty, elegance, and virtue, drop untimely into the grave.

LETTER

LETTER XXVIII.

TO HENRY HAMMOND, ESQ.

THE wind stirs not; there is not a breath of air moving in the atmosphere. Under favour of this idea I am writing a hasty line, just to wrap up with the inclosed, which *my heart* recollected since your departure: let it lie, O my beloved Henry, upon *yours*; and may it have all the tender power which I wish to give it. Ah that I could croud into a few words, every thing sweet and comfortable, to supply the defect of this brevity, and to soften the ills and misfortunes which poor humanity is doomed to bear.

EMMA.

LETTER

LETTER XXIX.

TO LOUISA HAMMOND.

O HOW tenderly you have spoken to a brother's feelings, my beautiful sister! It is a nice subject you have glanced upon; but what is there in your Henry's power that he will not seek to do for Louisa? Yet it was hard to withdraw your hand from me—I missed the pressure, even while Emma was weeping on my bosom, and I had much, very much for your private ear, which I would have contrived to impart. Preserve the inclosed papers, which in case of accident you will unseal, and act in conformity to their contents. They are the last desires of your affectionate brother,

HENRY HAMMOND.

LETTER

LETTER XXX.

TO EMMA CORBETT.

THE wind is still insufficient, and the little which stirs is adverse, which has given me an opportunity to receive the only part of your person that could, consistently, attend me on the ocean. Do you know that this dear locket has made me poetical. You must allow for verses written upon the waves. Yet I hate apology. They have soothed a penfive hour for me, and may do the same for you.

That they *may* answer this good purpose, is the fondest desire of

HENRY HAMMOND.

Address

*Address to a LOCKET with a braid of
EMMA's Hair.*

I.

COME, thou soft and sacred favour,
The remembrance chaste impart;
Take thy station on my bosom,
Lightly lodging near the heart.

II.

While that tender thing shall flutter,
Thou the secret cause shalt know,
Whether pleasure or disaster,
Thou wilt see what stirs it so.

III.

When the hope of happy tidings
Shall the sweet sensations move;
When the white and winged agents
Whisper friendship, whisper love;

IV. Then,

IV.

Then, all sympathetic, thrilling,
Thou the rosy stream shalt guide;
While, as runs the ruddy treasure,
Thou'rt the *Genius* of the tide.

V.

Haply when this heart is sinking
Thou shalt soothe the rising sigh,
When with woe surcharg'd, 'tis heaving,
Thou wilt see the reason why.

VI.

Ev'ry curious eye escaping,
Here securely shalt thou rest;
Tho' the universe were searching,
Thine the secrets of my breast.

VII.

Come then, dear and decent favour,
Learn what thou wilt ne'er impart:
Fix thy throne, and fix it ever,
On the regions of my heart.

VIII. O'er

VIII.

O'er these delicate dominions,
Cast a Monarch's careful view,
Render every subject passion
Worthy me, and worthy you.

IX.

Let not realms so rich, so tender,
Suffer rebel *weeds* to grow,
But the flowers—ah ! do not crush them,
In sweet vision let them blow.

X.

Gentlest sighs shall serve for breezes,
Softly aid them, auburn friend ;
Silent tears, like dews descending,
Shall the lovely growth attend.

XI.

Thou shalt watch them night and morning,
Thou shalt see the nurselings rise :
Thou, with me, shalt tremble for them ;
Thou, with me, invoke the skies.

XII. If

XII.

If at length, alas, they wither,
If they sicken, if they die,
In one grave—oh, dear companion !
Still embosom'd will we lie.

LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

THE prospect, Corbett, is not clear, I find; but something impels me to try whether it may not be improved. I suspect, however, that a youth of twenty-five in scarlet will leave an impression scarce to be erased by a middle-aged man in a suit of snuff-colour, with slash sleeves, after the manner of our ancestors: and it is too late now, Charles, to throw off a custom that has hung on my back for more than twenty years. Yet I will come; for I *want* the stability of domestic comfort after all my migrations.

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Your

Your daughter strikes me as the very woman, and has, in my eye, no other fault than that of being too *young*, which I quarrel with chiefly because I strongly suspect she will think me too *old*. No matter, I will put the best foot forward, and be with you in a day or two. Mean time, I will get me a new wig; and, to shew you how much I am in earnest, will try to deceive your Emma as much as conveniently may be, by ordering it to be made so as to resemble a responsible head of hair; for I find since I came *home* from India, there is nothing in a young Lady's eyes so ridiculous as a wig. And when I *left* my native land, a flowing peruke was a Cupid in
full

full drefs. *O tempora!* But we will see what can be done.

Dear friend, I am yours, and remember I *have* been so twenty-eight years.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER XXXII.

TO HENRY HAMMOND, ESQ.

WHAT a return have you made for the trifle I sent you, O, most dear and ingenious friend! ever directing the current of that rich stream (which knows no diminution, but scatters fertility and fragrance as it flows) to comfort, to amuse, or to instruct me. How I rejoice, that the bagatelle pleased you. It was my first intention to have the hair disposed into an ornament for the shirt, but I considered the nature of that delicate sentiment you feel for Emma. I reflected that it was *retired*, that it shunned every thing obtrusive, that it could ill brook the idle, and perhaps,

perhaps, the wanton curiosity of those cockaded heroes, who imagine tenderness incompatible with bravery. On these accounts, therefore, I chose to suit my locket to *that* situation only in which your delicate partiality would be most likely to place it.

Round your neck, my dear Henry, let it ever hang, impervious to every eye but that of the proprietor—A sacred talisman may it prove—a soft shield thrown over your bosom by the trembling hand of a friend!—O, that I could breathe upon it all the virtues that were supposed to be in possession of the most benevolent genii—that it had strength of charm sufficient to preserve you as securely

H 3

from

from sickness, sorrow, and mischance,
—from the bullet and the sword,—as
I do firmly believe the sight and touch
of it will arm your heart against the
impression of every error, and the
practice of every irregularity.

Your letter, with its fair and tuneful
inclosure, found me upon my pillow,
from which I hastened with a rapidity
which is the spontaneous impulse of
unaffected tenderness. Like a much
wished-for and much wanted cordial
it found me in an affecting moment.
I read and recovered, wept and was
well. Oh, wondrous power of virtu-
ous affection! Yes, thou admirable
and honourable friend, the die is cast,
your invaluable love shall be the sus-
taining

taining solace of my future existence. Ah! may no jarring word or discordant thought ever rise up to disturb an amity so sacred and so pure! The fine spirit of our esteem, my Henry, shall extend its delicate influence over all the rougher passages, on a sea far more stormy than that whose bosom is now pressed by your vessel—Over every troubled moment our affection shall softly diffuse itself,

“ Like the sweet breezes of the South,

“ Stealing and giving odour.”

Oh, Henry, my heart dilates as I write, and the soft drops descend in a pathetic and sweet assurance of our future felicity; but do not be uneasy that I weep,—such tears will not hurt

H 4

me.

me. They are precious drops that invigorate virtue, and freshen as they fall. Oh! those sacred hours we have passed together, in friendship, in converse, in books; no divided attention, thought saluting thought, the mutual tear, every thing, or dear or elegant, included in every moment. Carry the remembrance of such intercourse over the world of waters. Call to mind the time when our lengthened attention to the moral page, instead of relaxing, grew stronger and more fixed; when our understandings and our hearts seemed equally to refine and to expand!

Yes, Henry, I will try to adopt that gentle spirit of prophecy, which
breathes

breathes so beautiful an ardour over your consolatory pages. I do not *expect* to gather the bloom of the rose, without feeling the puncture of the surrounding thorn. I gratefully take it with all its little wounding appendages—I place it in my bosom.

—I have promised not to repine: yet if a gentle murmur sometimes escapes, let me, I prithee, find indulgence for it, and do not chide me; oh, how often have I wished since your departure, to be the companion of your voyage and all its consequences, however multiplied, however menacing! And after all, Henry, your situation is more tolerable than mine: the travelling friend has the advantage of
those

those who are left, in solitude, behind. The very velocity of the motion is favourable: in passing rapidly along, the freshness of the air, and the change of objects, engage and divert the mind insensibly; while the poor forlorn one, that remains fixed to the former residence, has only to mark the present period, to look in vain around for what is lost, to cast a "longing, lingering eye" upon the past, and, in the torture of reflection to confess that such things *were*, but *are* alas! no more.

It was my fortune to pass through the street where you resided, more than once since your departure. O, think with what emotions I viewed
those

those windows which belonged to an apartment so lately yours! The sight of your *grave* could scarcely have produced any thing more affecting: and yet I feel that I shall like to pass often by them. I do not pretend to *account* for these little touches, I only simply *relate* them. Will not your feeling nature easily explain them?

And now confess, Hammond, that I have arrived at the due degree of heroism: confess, that I am sufficiently *soldier'd*; for I can hold the pen, and impress the quiet-seeming sentiment, with my eyes full of tears, and my heart full of sorrow. What more can you expect from female philosophy? What more can you expect
from

from a friend who has been used to regret the absence of an hour as a misfortune?

I shall send off this, on the slight chance of its reaching you. If it should not—what then?—what will be its fate?—I care not. Gross as is the world, were every sentiment of my soul laid open to its view, I could support the scrutiny. I still could “*boast* the graceful weakness,” if indeed it be a weakness of my heart. The *possibility* of your receiving my letter is worth the hazard of dispatching it; and as every moment is now at the caprice of the wind, I will no longer delay sealing. Adieu!

EMMA.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIII.

TO EMMA CORBETT.

YOUR dear favour, like a parting blessing, comes to hand while the breezes are rising, and the whole crew are engaged in the bustle of preparation. We have already weighed anchor, the sails will soon cease to flap against the mast, for I perceive the mariners are climbing the shrouds to square the canvases to the gale, which is at length favourable. All hands are aloof.—All hearts are panting with various passions.—I feel that we are in motion.—I can hear the cleaving keel cut the waves.—The wind blows fresher, as we clear the calms that brood in the harbour; and,

as

as I turn my eye astern of the vessel, I behold the billows whiten into foam. Alas! the shore seems to go back, and we are getting into a wider sea. The watermen who have followed us thus far in their boat, on some necessary business, now tack about, and prepare again to fetch the harbour.

Brief let me be.—Many of my fellow officers are standing idle on the deck, and some are roaring catches in the cabin; while Henry Hammond is writing an adieu to one dear woman, who is the pride and pleasure of his life. I confess also, that a sigh is heaving from my heart, and a tear is running along my cheek. The officers look at me as if they suspected
an

an infirmity. Let them. In the day of battle we shall see, whether tenderness or dissipation inspire the truer courage and magnanimity. I have a little bribed the boatmen, who are rowing laboriously after us, but the last, last moment is come, and the last last adieus; the finishing farewell must be given—*farewell, then!* I leave you in full possession of my heart; I leave you to your own virtue, and to the Providence of GOD.

HENRY HAMMOND.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIV.

TO EMMA CORBETT.

M^R brother and *your* friend, then is gone! how fares it with you, my dear Emma? Are the conflicting pangs of a parting so poignant somewhat subsided, the tender spirits somewhat composed, the fluttered, agitated heart more still? I ask you these questions in the bosom of my retreat. I date from my sanctuary, where my widowed heart (for *that* has been long wedded) is retired to muse upon the dead. Of the living, you, one other person, and Henry, are the only objects of my care. For your welfare and for your distress I can yet feel, and while you remain in it, the world

world will have something that ties me to it—the rest is Edward's.

Fifteen months of desperation are gone by, my friend, and five more have followed those, less clamorous, but more deep. The frenzy of my soul is succeeded by the still small sigh, and silent tear of settled sorrow. It is not now the *passion* but the *principle* of grief. Here I sit under the dark umbrage of these sepulchral boughs—ah shade most sacred! and invoke Piety to consecrate my grief.
—She comes—she comes, my Emma!

—Amidst the modest shadings of the evening, I behold her celestial form descending on a moon-beam.

Vol. I.

I

She

Even now she diffuses a holy melancholy into my heart.—She fits me for the contemplations that are most dear.—She utters the name of EDWARD in tones of heavenly eloquence—she touches the tender strain—she echoes the pensive sigh in softest cadence, and increases the stream of woe with cherub drops of sympathy. The lovely enthusiasm is complete!

It is now twilight, my Emma; the bat is taking its circles in the air, and poor Fidelio is sleeping at my feet.—I use the day's last moment to write, supporting the paper on my lap.—The owl, which shrinks from sunshine, has left his ivy, and flits by me.—The village bell is tolling.—This
night

night departed the soul of a widow!
——It is the *passing* bell, then, that I
hear!——Oh! Heavens!

Alas, I meant to comfort you, and
I shall infect you with my gloom.

——The present sombre sweets be
mine.—Adieu!—I lay down the pen
till I can use it to a more soothing
purpose.

IN CONTINUATION.

It is particularly unlucky, Emma,
for you, that I should have contracted
this sequestered habit, when my
soothing cares might be so particu-
larly acceptable to my friend.—Yet,

in the present situation of her heart, all attuned as it is to *gentle* emotions, I am much inclined to ask her society.

The retreat is tender: the weather is fair. Close upon my cot, Simplicity seems to have fixed her seat of "dearest residence." She has sequestered herself in a bower of shrubs, at whose roots rambles the fertilizing rill. My shades are formed to receive and to embrace the gentle spirit of acquiescence. Reposed in the thickest foliage, the faintly form of Melancholy also is there, listening to the plaint of the stock dove, and to the soft gradations of the water-fall. Is not this an asylum for the *heart* of Emma?

Emma? Even Louisa (ah, how pre-eminently wretched—!) finds some consolation amongst these pensive sweets of nature in her solitudes——solitudes, my friend, not to *annihilate* but *compose*, not to *extinguish* the generous flame, but to *temper* it. Ah, come then—come to the woman who esteems you.—Come to the sister of Henry,—come to the mourner of Edward! Retirement is the nurse of love. 'Tis “hereabouts she dwells.” Virtuous affection is blooming here amidst roses. Friendship, (ah surely I might say KINDRED friendship) in the form of your Louisa, attends. What, of soft, of sacred, of serene, is there *wanting* to invite you? *Here*, as farther removed from the tumults

of busy life, you will be drawn more near to Henry. Directing the telescope of imagination only towards *him*, you will seem to approximate almost all of life that is most precious to us both. The pure air itself will assist. The softness of morn, and the serenity of eve, will be alike auspicious—the sigh will become more soft—the violent agitations will subside—the tempestuous passions will sink into a delicate calm, like the smooth sea “when not a breath of wind blows
“o’er the surface.”

A little time, passed in a recess so soothing, will answer a thousand good purposes; at present I know the tender heart must feel, and the feeble
frame

frame will suffer with it. My own misery is not noisy, and it will not interrupt yours. The tears of sympathy, which haply you may bestow upon Louisa, shall be gratefully repaid. In *this* way, we will be at "once indebted and discharged."——Attain, therefore your father's assent, and hasten to the cottager

LOUISA HAMMOND.

N. B. I return the verses which Henry sent with the packet of pens, because I cannot bear to keep any thing that is comfortable from you at this period, especially any thing from our beloved Hammond, whom we divide in dear affections between us.

*Verses from Mr. HAMMOND to EMMA,
with a present of some Pens, given
at parting.*

I.

GO, ingenious artists, to her,
All ambitious to be prest;
Dear disclosers of sensation!
Agents of the gentle breast.

II.

Whiter than your whitest feather,
Is the hand which you'll embrace;
Yet *more* white the fair affection,
Whose emotions you shall trace.

III.

Go, and take a charge upon you,
Passing tender, passing dear;
Oh, the trust you bear is wondrous!
Gentle agents, be sincere.

III. Every

IV.

Every sacred secret marking,
Gods ! how precious ye will prove !
Softest sympathies imparting,
Are ye not the plumes of *Love*?

V.

When first floating on the river,
Lovely was your limpid way;
Lovely was the silver surface,
Lovely was your watry play.

VI.

But for pastime still *more* lovely,
Your sweet feathers *now* I send;
What *so* lovely, prithee tell me,
As the service of a friend?

VII.

Faithful to the fair deposits,
Your *least* stroke shall reach my heart !
In its elegant recesses,
Shall be *fix'd*, what you impart.

VIII. Then,

VIII.

Then, dear instruments I charge ye,
Often tempt my Emma's eyes;
Bid her prefs your downy feathers,
Bid her *speed* the soft replies.

IX.

Not the plumes which line her pillow,
Half so delicate shall prove;
(When, all kind her pulses tremble)
As your downy shafts of *Love*,

X.

Ye shall note her joy and anguish,
Gentle agents, be sincere!
Send me half each drop of sorrow;
Rob me not of half each tear.

XI.

Beauteous as the dews of morning,
When they bathe the lovely flow'r,
Are the lucid drops of *Feeling*,
When from *fondness* falls the show'r.

XII. Mark,

XII.

Mark, I claim my just *division*,
Mark, I promise just *return* ;
Some of your white-wing'd associates
Must inform her how I mourn.

XIII.

When long leagues our persons sever,
Ye our wishes shall convey ;
Ye shall tell the pangs of *parting*,
Ye shall mark the *meeting* day.

XIV.

Save me, pow'rs ! that strike the pulses,
When invades the quick surprize,
Yonder comes the gentle Emma,
Hither she directs her eyes.

XV.

How the feather I am using
Trembles to the trembling heart !
Agents, here behold a pattern !
See a sample of your art.

XVI. Thus

XVI.

Thus to *me* were *Emma* writing,
(And her thoughts like Henry's kind)
Sympathy would shake each feather,
All expressive of the mind.

XVII.

Go then, take this charge upon you,
Passing tender, passing dear,
Oh, the charge you bear is wondrous !
Gentle agents, be sincere.

LETTER

LETTER XXXV.

TO FREDERICK BERKLEY, ESQ.

FREDERICK, he is set off; but I have no reason to imagine his embarkation a good omen. As far as the *father's* interest goes, I am safe, but *that* does not go very far. To tell you the truth, I am *myself* somewhat an odd kind of a fellow in this respect. I should not choose to accept an alienated or reluctant hand. Nor could I sit quiet under the idea of possessing a woman, who gave her person as an equivalent for a title and a fortune. These niceties, you will say, are, at my age, somewhat *out of date*; and I ought not to *expect* such etiquettes will be attended to by a fine young

young woman, whom, perhaps, you imagine, I might jump at, on *any* terms. Look'y' Frederick, leave me to settle my own singularities, and do you settle yours. I think fit, for old acquaintance sake, to unbosom to you a very foolish secret. The least you can do is to hear my story, and to let me tell it my own way. I am now in love "*nolens volens*." You may laugh, but I *feel* it is not in my power to extricate myself. Would the wench had not fallen in my way! *These* are what I call cross incidents. When a man is jogging on, and has got soberly to the resting place, *then* to have a slap on the shoulder from such an urchin as Cupid, *then* to be attacked bow and arrow in hand—Is not this too bad—

Is

Is not this too ridiculous—too humiliating?

After you have uttered the sarcastic *yes*, I shall proceed to acquaint you, that this mighty ridiculous thing is the most *serious torment*: and what renders it the more perplexing is, that, old fellow as I am, it is a circumstance wholly *new* to me—not more so to the veriest stripling when he wafts from him the maiden sighs for a tripping chit of fifteen. I am not in my dotage, *am* I, Berkley, at forty-three? No, hang it; that is not what they call being well-stricken—is it? I have some terms to keep with *myself* too. I should not *choose* to be *too* absurd.

But

But this young adventurer! This happy hero! The parts of his character that I have been able to pick up—such as health, agreeableness, genius, spirit, courage, and animation, are not absolutely in my favour, are they, Frederick?

Let us see what *I* have got to put in the ballance *against* them. The gout—small-pox pits—not the ninetyeth part of a muse—less courage than caution, and spirits somewhat har-
rassed out in the real wear and tear of worldly events. I don't like it Frederick. It won't do. My lighter scale is hurled aloof, and I am bouncing my head against the beam most abominably. O Frederick!

Is there then, nothing to throw in, by way of bringing a middle-aged gentleman on the equilibrium? Yes. A lusty lump of *money*. The *golden make-weight* of fifty thousand pounds. Fair force of *metal*, Frederick! Our cockaded spark has not any thing to *poise that*, in the opinion of the world; and yet, if this should happen to be *Emma's* opinion, I am so whimsical a mortal, that I should esteem her *less* for the very circumstance which would make my suit *more successful*. The fortune of Henry Hammond, I find, is small. He has *not* much money, but he *has* what does a thousand times more execution in a delicate bosom: he has *sentiment*. O that cursed *sentiment!*—a term, Frederick, of

late invention, to express old emotions in a new way—a term, which many use, more affect, few understand, and still fewer, feel—a term, which—which—in short—curse that sentiment!

We deceive ourselves, my friend, and in my next I will tell you *how*.
Good by' for the present.

Your's,

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

I SAID I would tell you how we deceive ourselves. I will. The *slender circumstances*, and even the *great misfortunes* of a lover, are no kind of objection in the eyes of a *sentimental mistress*; embarrassments of the world call forth the *finer* sentiments, and those excite sympathy. Now *sympathy*, Frederick, is, in the female breast, a very tender sensation. It is a strange thing, but a true, that this same adorable SENTIMENT has ever had (with indeed very few exceptions) a most sore quarrel with solid silver and gold; and with the coin current of a country. In the account of young *English*

women (who are the greatest worshippers of the fair idol) it really circulates as most *sterling*; and the prevailing charms of a pathetic, poetical poverty is a more welcome draft to them, than any which mere *matter-of-fact wealth* could draw upon his banker. Thus it is, that fathers sacrifice to Plutus, and children (especially daughters) to a beggarly Deity, whom Plutus laughs to scorn: and hence the source of ten-thousand family feuds—hence the rise of separate maintenance; and the fall of domestic confidence. Sentimental Love is torn almost to tatters in his way to the altar; and when, in this effort, his robe is *most* ragged, *then* is his glory the *most distinguished*; for,
thus

thus beggarly as he is, he shall laugh at the labours of a *rich* passion, and as he passes, poverty-struck (as it should seem) through files of females, he will flaunt his famine in your face, and *sentimentally* tell you, it is his *letter of recommendation*. And all this, Frederick, while plain affection (in a snuff-coloured coat for instance) throws in *vain* the massy money bag across his shoulders, and seeks Hymen's temple by the path that is obvious and unentangled. Now-a-days, the broad highway is deserted; and the women rather *choose* to stick those roses in the bosom that are encompassed by *thorns*, than accept the richest *boquet* in the garden that lies open to the view, ready to the hand,

and that may be collected without any difficulty.

Difficulty! there it is again. That is *another* cursed thing which enters into the spirit of a modern attachment! It is the first cousin of sentiment, or, as I have heard, its parent. A sly old neighbour of mine, who has looked shrewdly and silently at human nature, and whom I, sometimes, used to consult on that subject, tells me, that *difficulty* is the happiest thing in the world to sentimental lovers. I hinted to my friend in reply to this, that *I* then might consider my age, my dark complexion, my wig, and my fair round body, as so many points in my *favour*, since they would, no doubt,

doubt, throw a respectable quantity of the aforesaid *difficulty* in the way of my *wishes*, meaning my overtures to Emma Corbett. Aye, quoth my friend—but they are not the right *sort* of difficulties. There are, continued he, difficulties which *impede* and difficulties which *advance*. Of the *former*, yours, Sir Robert, happen to be the most substantial, to which you might have added many more that have the kindness to attend you. Of the *latter*, you, Sir Robert, to my recollection, have not one: for you are too rich to experience an objection on the side of cash, which, by incurring the contempt of the father, might possibly recommend you to the child. You are too sleek and too plump, to make

a young lady mistake your countenance for the seat of sentiment, and there is so terrible an air of *plenty* all over you, that you are, in my opinion, an unwise Baronet to address any thing but one of those *prudent* young ladies, which, in a matrimonial bargain, cling to the *solid* comforts, and will not like you the *worse* for being so abundantly provided with the goods of this life.—But to attempt a woman of *sentiment*, an ATTACHED woman of sentiment, the mistress of a young *soldier*, who loves a man of *poverty*—a man of *poetry*—and, to crown all, who loves a man that is not the *present choice of her father*——Alas, poor Sir Robert! you may think yourself well off, if she does not conceive towards

wards you a generous kind of aversion, and order you to assume a genteel size, to wear your own hair, and to adopt the melting mood before she suffers a second visit. Thus spake my friend—and I don't know what to think of his doctrine. Give her up, I positively cannot. Gain her is not a little improbable. Yet I have met her several times since my arrival, and she has not yet ordered me to assume a genteel size, nor to wear my own hair. I design to make some little alterations in the *head-way*, 'tis true, but this is more in frolic than seriousness: for I love to adopt little drolleries. They belong to my temper, and have accompanied me to a very good end, through life—which,
I really

I really find, *requires* many little lifts to go pleasantly through.

It is on this account, Frederick, that I regret having seen the fair Emma Corbett. My partiality is not, I find, such a one as I can accommodate to my old habit of quaint jocularity. It has a little jarred the harmony of my little system already. I do not enjoy the passing scene quite so care-free—and why should I disguise any thing from Frederick Berkley?—I feel an earnest desire to touch the *heart* of this girl so, that I should be as necessary to her felicity as she is to mine; and the fear of not being able to accomplish this, makes me, at times, most peculiarly miserable.

Thank

Thank discretion, however, she knows, as yet, nothing of the matter; and I shall have the advantage soon of being under the same roof. I could treat her with great tenderness: indeed I could, Frederick.

Before I quite accede to the invitation—though I have written to Corbett—I will consider about it; and shall be glad to hear from you, in the mean time. But you need not write any of your objections to my pursuit, lest you inspire me with a love of *difficulty*, and I should, like a sentimental Lover, exert myself to oppose them, in proportion as they appear insurmountable. But you *may* send

send me word I am engaged in a hazardous undertaking, *not doubting my success*, if you please. So I am,

Your's,

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER

LETTER XXXVII.

TO EMMA CORBETT.

AH my friend, you must not come—I am not *now* fit to receive you. I am too gloomy and too sick. My constitution will not keep pace with my mind—The physician summons me from hence. O, I would willingly live and die here, but a certain something, which, at this crisis, I am not at liberty to tell even to thee, my Emma, makes it a duty for me to protract life, (if it be possible) and even to love it. I can say no more, and you are too generous to torture me with an enquiry. Adieu!

LOUISA HAMMOND.

P. S. I shall see you in town soon.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVIII.

TO MRS. ARNOLD.

YOUR billet, O Caroline, is arrived.—Surely the agony which threatens will not be added to the rest! If it *be*, the shortness of its continuance will soften its severity; for in that case, the tender mercies of GOD will be upon me, and I shall die. Ere this letter reaches you, I will myself embrace all that remains of——

O Caroline, Caroline!—Tears and terror prevent me from proceeding—The post is setting out, and I have time only to announce the journey of

LOUISA HAMMOND.

LETTER XXXIX.

TO LOUISA HAMMOND*

BY all that is valuable to you, I
 enjoin the utmost expedition!
 Since I wrote in the morning, the
 causes of apprehension are increased.
 If the memory of Edward be dear to
 you, lose not a moment.

C. ARNOLD.

* Prior to the receipt of the above.

LETTER

LETTER XL

TO LOUISA HAMMOND.*

WE *differ* about the rural shades,
my friend. I adopt the *Poet's*
opinion concerning them.

"What are the falling rills, the pendent shades,
"The morning bowers, the evening colonades,
"But soft recesses for th' uneasy mind,
"To sigh, unheard in, to the passing wind?
"So the struck deer, in some sequester'd part,
"Lies down to die, the arrow in his heart.
"There hid in shades, and waiting day by day,
"Inly he bleeds, and pants his soul away"

But were I even to suppose, with you,
that solitude, my dear *Louisa's* pathetic-
ally-precious solitude, would woo
to it the tender form of patience, it
would

* Previous to receiving the 37th letter.

would, at this period, be impossible to take refuge, like the hapless deer, amongst the branches. I have not been allowed a minute's breathing-time since the news of Henry's embarkation reached me. It seems now the great point of my father to dislodge, entirely, all traces of Mr. Hammond. A father's heart engages in this endeavour; and though I know it to be hopeless, I forbear to disturb his plan by unavailing contest, and am passive to the projects which surround (ah how vainly) the *honourable affliction* of my bosom. The *acute* pang, my friend, is subsided, but my affection is only the more fixed upon that account. All places being now pretty much alike, I suffer

myself to be drawn about from one silly circle to another. Yet how should my father thus mistake my temper? This affection is no impromptu—No enthusiastic flight of folly, fancy, or of passion. It has been the slow, progressive course of various combining and irresistible circumstances—circumstances, which, unfolding themselves trait by trait, have discovered to me the merit of a most amiable character; and, on the basis of experience, fixed me to it beyond all possibility of change. So very complex, peculiar, and precious, Louisa, has been every movement in the series of events which have contributed to cement and fasten the faith—the HOLY faith, established between

tween

tween Emma and your brother, that, though no particular predestinarian, nor easily yielding to the wild images of superstition, I am strongly inclined to think—and *there* is my hope—that something more powerful than the mere random agency of chance, *must* have interfered. I am not of the light or fickle tribe: nor am I tumultuous. Extreme violence I dread. That pathetic sobriety which is separated on the one hand from the darkness of despair, and on the other, from the perilous furor of extacy, (if I at all know myself) discriminates my character. To the fortunes of Mr. Hammond, I am tied by those fine bonds of sympathy, upon which time and chance can have no influence.

fluence. Wherefore, then, should I not give way to the generous instinct? You have often heard me say, that I respect and venerate every rule which reason has prescribed to render female conduct correctly amiable; and to preserve that beauteous decorum, without whose graces, woman is both despicable and wretched. But does reason bid us withhold the mitigating balm which is given us to heal the wounds of life? No, my friend. Your own heart, virtuously attached to the memory of a most lovely, and most lamented youth, will plead in my behalf, and justify my constancy. Heaven itself will justify it, and so will the unchangeable God who *inhabits* that heaven.

To

To delicacy I grant much. To custom *all* which she *ought* to expect. But to *nature*, chastened and regulated by *real virtue*, I devote my heart. In devoting it to them, I dedicate it to Henry; and it is with equal pride and pleasure I am able to inform the sister of my dear Hammond, that, such has been the delicacy of his manners, so uniformly pure his sentiments, his tenderness so adorned by dignity, so becoming a *man* to *offer*, and a *woman* to *accept*,—ardent yet steady, and soft yet bright,—that I do not recollect one word, either spoken or written, which *dying*, I could wish to blot from the tabature of my memory. If this was the praise of the poet, what shall it be of the lover—of the

lover, young, interesting, approved, of the most susceptible heart, and a soldier? And is one's affection for such a man to obey the motion of wheels, and fly off as *they* roll along? or is it to be buried in the grave of every-day society? or is it even to be given up for the gaudiest trappings of tinsel life, which never, even at the most *unengaged* moment, could fascinate the eyes, or sway the opinions of Emma?

O vain thought! O impotent exertion! Would my father have me *flutter* into forgetfulness? It is impossible. Let him rather present to me a man *more* amiable, *more* perfect, *more* tender, *more* engaging, and

more

more ingenious than Hammond. Let him introduce to me a second Henry SUPERIOR to the first, or let him forbear attempting to erase that lovely leaf, whereon the virtues of that first are inscribed; Yet, I hold myself not at *liberty* to oppose the system of my father. I maintain the modest purpose of my soul, and cherish the vow, which in the presence of an attesting God, I have registered in my heart: but I do not set myself *avowedly* against the pursuits of a parent. At the same time I should esteem myself the lightest, as well as the most unworthy, of women, were such pursuits to have any influence upon my faith. Time may convince my father of the propriety

priety of a constancy so inflexible;
and to that I trust.

May Heaven augment the com-
forts of us both, Louisa!

Adieu.

EMMA.

LETTER

LETTER XL.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

HELP me, Corbett, (for I am a poor, plain soul) to conquer a little scruple, or rather to obviate it: that done (but first that *must* be done) I am at your service; and will be at your house (for I am tired of this tavern life) in two hours. Now then for it.

Be honest:—how stands the matter betwixt you and young *Hammond*? Is he gone, under the seal of any promise received from *you*? I do not ask what *Emma* has declared. She will answer me *herself*, when I venture to refer to her. But I want to know
whether

whether *you*, as her father, have given him, at parting, any mark of approbation. I must not be considered by these young folks, as an impertinent old fellow who presumes upon a *sum of money* and a paltry piece of *titleship*, and so, in the end, become the object of derision, to a whole family. I understand that, during my long residence abroad, this Hammond was under your guardianship; that he lived with you and Emma some years in the very house called Castleberry, which I have purchased of you, that *there*, the young man was countenanced by you, and his addresses to your daughter *not disapproved*. Now, as I do not hear of his having done any thing to *forfeit* your affections, I cannot

not

not conceive why you have, as you say, "resolved against him."

To be ingenuous, I am afraid you think, *I am a BETTER match*. Look'y' Charles, I am no hero, but an honest man, and you shall not break your word, (as many a *very* honest man *has* done) in compliance with certain rigorous circumstances—Let us talk like old friends, newly met.

On my leaving England, *I was poor, and you was rich*. In the roll of human affairs, perhaps, now that *I am returned rich, you may be, comparatively, poor*—that is, you may have some wise scheme to carry, and cannot well bring it about. I can no

otherway

otherway account for this sudden change in disfavour of Hammond—for you used to be fixed in your opinions—than that, impelled to an alteration by distressing incidents, you——In short, is there any hard part in your situation, which you imagine an alliance with me might remove? and, *but* for this, would not Hammond be as much the object of *your* choice as he is that of your daughter?

Corbett, speak plain. What cash do you want? Let not your necessities violate your engagements. Condescend to be a borrower where you may so safely rely upon your lender; and where, by contracting a debt, you may confer an obligation. To plead

for

for a rival would be unnatural—but to save a friend from error, and myself from disgrace, is not amiss.

An old and intimate friend of your's happened to step in, just as I was directing my servant to carry my luggage to your house. Your name was no sooner mentioned than he exclaimed—"Poor Corbett, how miserable must he be at the departure of young Hammond, who is betrothed to his daughter Emma! The youth is just gone a volunteer to America, and, if in that enterprise he be not shot, he is to marry on his return. Corbett doats upon him; and a fine young spirited fellow he is."—

This

This startled me; but I said nothing. I apply for explanation to *you*, dear Charles. Let neither your preference of me, nor your private affairs, aught avail. I had rather be very unhappy, than at all ridiculous. My friendship is at your service, just as you have occasion to shape it; only I am sure, on a little reflection, you will not offer to give it the inhospitable form of infringing the rights of another. Farewell.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER XLII.

TO SIR ROBERT RAYMOND.

YOU force me into a very unwelcome explanation. Unwelcome, because *precipitate*; and which I designed to have opened at a proper opportunity, in the hour of confidence—however, as the circumstance is thus hastened on, I must suit myself to it.

I am not by any means so rich as I was at your departure from this country for India: yet I am too rich—and should think myself so had I only one guinea upon the earth—to marry Emma to *your* fortune to mend *mine*. I did love Hammond, even with a father's love, and in a legal sense to
be

be his father was my favourite intention. Yet that idea is now, of *all* others, the farthest from my mind, and never CAN be revived. It is a little hard, that you have got me into such an exigence as to make it impossible for me, with any credit, to keep the great secret of my life.

Henry Hammond is, against all advice, and persuasion, violently attached to those cruel *spoilers*, who have gone sword in hand into the bowels of a country, where my dear son has fallen a victim—a country which is most barbarously butchered, and to whose welfare I am bound by ties the most tender and interesting. I would reject *you*, I would reject an

EMPEROR

EMPEROR that should pretend to the hand of Emma, and yet sacrilegiously pollute his *own* hand, in the life-blood of AMERICA. Oh, thou hapless land! thou art precious to me beyond the breath which I am now drawing!—beyond every hope that I can form on this side heaven!—beyond my daughter—yes even beyond Emma, because thou art equally the object of my love, and more of my *pity*! The rapacious HENRY is gone to plunge another poignard in thy bosom!—the bosom of my country—the tomb of Emma's brother, and the vault of every generous affection. Nature herself lies bleeding on thy shore, and *there* the inhuman mother has plunged the dagger (with her own

barbarous hand) into the bowels of her child!—

But oh the deep and tremendous restitutions are at hand; I see them, with a prophetic eye, this moment before me. Horrors shall be repaid with *accumulation* of horror. The wounds in America shall be succeeded by deep-mouthed gasps in the heart of Britain! The chain of solemn consequences advance. Yet, yet, my friend, a little while, and the poor forlorn one who has fought and fallen at the gate of her proper habitation, for freedom—for the common privileges of life—for all the sweet and binding principles in humanity—for father, son, and brother—for the cradled

dled infant, the wailing widow, and the weeping maid. Yet, yet a little while, and she shall find an avenger. Indignant nations shall arm in her defence.—Thrones and dominions shall make *her* cause their own, and the fountains of blood which have run from *her* exhausted veins, shall be answered by a yet fuller measure of the horrible effusion. Blood for blood, and desolation for desolation! O, my poor Edward!—my buried property!—my massacred America!

You remember it was amongst my first questions that I desired to know *your* opinion of the war? I received the answer which soothed my heart, and it was not till after that moment,

M 2

I suffered

I suffered my full tide of ancient
tendernefs again to flow.

To *Henry* I break *no* promise.
Emma's attachment, I think, may be
subdued by gentle means. O, if she
still unites her heart (even her secret
heart) to that *volunteer* murderer,
these silver hairs shall descend in sud-
den sorrow to the grave. But indeed,
I do not apprehend it. She is all
duty. She *loves* the source of her
existence. Come then. Discover to
her your virtues, and try to save me
from the distress of her preferring a
rash boy, who is bent upon destroying
those which are so valuable to

Your

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER

L E T T E R XLIII.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

YOU astonish me. I imagined *you* were, like *myself*, a citizen of the earth, and of no particular party. For my *own* part, I have *travelled* away all enthusiasm of the sort you mention. There is, indeed, something like a natural affection, which one bears to the place of one's nativity; because, *there* our beings were first linked to the chain of society—there first shot up our ideas—there grew our connexions, our affections, our hopes, and our wishes—there our little loves were first formed, and our little wants first accommodated. It is upon these accounts that I am more

M 3

happy

happy to contemplate the scenes of England than those of India—that I rate more highly my *own* than I do a *foreign* language—that I look with fondest partiality at the spot (which is marked in everlasting traces on the memory) devoted to the pastimes of my infancy, and that I continue some sort of grateful tenderness for the very *trees*, whose shades so often soothed me in the summer of my childhood. My predilection for my native country, friend Corbett, ‘hath this extent—no more.’ It has been my fate to travel—I had almost said—wherever Europeans are dispersed. I have travelled too, where civil society hath yet made no progress, but I have *never* travelled (and oh *may* I never) where the
M “human

“human face divine” did not meet my eye. However varied by colour, by tint, and by feature, I saw enough to discover my *kind*, and to acknowledge it. I disputed not about the white or black, the tawny, or the yellow; nor about the different mixture, shade, or distinction of these.—I saw beings of the same erect form—I saw MY SPECIES; and in this very serious moment I declare to you, that I felt attachment to the general figures of men and women, wherever I beheld them, even before I knew any thing of their particular dispositions. In looking more close, I beheld amongst every people, whether savage or civilized, many things to like, and many to dislike: but not *one* to cut

them wholly from my tenderness. Foremost of those points, Corbett, which *hurt* me, were the bickerings that subsisted between one state and another. In passing through a variety of countries, and seeing them *all*, either *engaging*, *preparing* to engage, or healing the wounds of an engagement *past*, I began to think the passion for honourable death (i. e. cutting throats and lopping limbs for subsistence or for glory, for pride or pique) was universally peculiar to these ages of iron and steel; till, devoting a cool hour to examine the map of the world, and perceiving that, from the creation (or very soon after) even unto this day, to shed blood in this manner has been the *constant practice*, I gave up
the

the idea of calling my fellow-creatures cruel or sanguinary upon this account, and *deplored* a custom which I could not *approve*. Yet, in every army are characters to be loved; and the human affections spread themselves, more or less, over every clime. In considering the *causes* of wars, between different proportions of the same species, (of whom numbers without number have been slain) I have found them so wretchedly inadequate to the horrible *effects*, that I have often melted into tears, but never have been inflamed with anger. Tens of thousands, my friend, have been sacrificed to the frown of a favourite, the whim of a prince, or the smile of a prostitute. The *occasions* are contemptible, but

but the *event* is murder. What can a good-natured man do, but commiserate the abuse of power, and the madness of ambition? In point of *propriety* there is seldom a pin to choose on either side; and even when it is Justice herself that draws the sword, and heads the phalanx, the blood of many an innocent is shed in the contest; and in the warmest moment of success, while victory is enjoying her jubilee,—if all the milk of human kindness were not drained out of the hero's bosom—there is as much cause for him to sorrow, as to rejoice. Oh Mr. Corbett, were he to retire *after* the shout of acclamation to some quiet solitude, and there think on the means by which the conquest has been gained—

gained—were he to consider, that heaps of his *countrymen* as well as of the *enemy* (*all* of whom were human beings) lie cut to pieces upon the plain—while *another* heap, yet more to be regretted, are groaning in hospitals—would not the laurel wither on his brow? would not the sense of rapture be checked, sympathy stream from his eye, and recoiling horror freeze up the blood about his heart? Such are my opinions. I caught them, my friend, from the fountain-head of a most touching *experience*. They flowed immediately from the *wounds* of my fellow creatures. Appointed to the office of surgeon, at a period of *war*, in the earlier part of my life, it was the fortune of our ship

more

more than once to feel the shocks of public hostility. I had so much business upon my *hands* that it was almost too much for my *heart*. At the conclusion of the voyage, an opportunity offered to quit my cruel station, and I readily embraced it. Since that time I have kept myself unengaged from scenes for which nature did not form me: and I am not of any party. I detest war, and the *thoughts* of war, but I sincerely wish well to every human creature. That England is at variance with her colonies is unhappy. In both countries I have friends who are dear to me. In both I have property. But I dare not lean either way, lest I should unsettle that system of *general loving-kindness* which, for a
great

great while, has been the basis of my happiness. I assiduously avoid political conversation, and it is a certain prudence in *your* conduct (which seldom suffers you to mention these things) that makes me so pleased, my dear Corbett, with your society. I am now too far advanced in life to begin the cares of a *partizan*, but as I have some feelings, I cut out some more congenial employment for them. I love my jest. I love my friend. I love you; and I love your daughter. Your ardent principles now convince me, that an alliance with Hammond would be to unite fire with fire: I will therefore try, for her father's sake, and for mine, how far Emma may be brought to like a *man of peace*. I have
only

only to desire that you will consider me as one who remains *neuter* upon the same principle that *you* take a *side*, viz. because I *think* it is *right*, and because I *feel* it to be *happy*. This condition observed, our ancient friendship will stand firm, and I shall ever be,

Your's,

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER XLIV.

TO SIR ROBERT RAYMOND.

AGREED. Had Hammond remained neuter on motives of like benevolence I should still have loved a name which is now detestable, so I beg you will not utter it again. For my own part, I *cannot* remain neuter. My soul is on fire—I breathe generous vengeance against barbarous Britain : I own it ; and, could I move this lacerated body out of England without immediate peril of a life on which my Emma has a claim, I would not continue in a soil so accursed. We now know each other's opinion, and the subject disorders me so much when it is brought forward,
that

that I most readily acquiesce in your wishes to drop it for ever. My feelings must ever remain; but it kills me to give them language. Come directly. I have prepared Emma for the society of an amiable man, and have explained our long and intimate connexion. Adieu!

C. CORBETT.

LETTER

LETTER XLV.

TO LOUISA HAMMOND.

YOU alarm and check my curiosity in the same moment, Oh, beautiful unfortunate! Yet is it not a little hard to have any concealments with the sister of Edward, and the avowed admirer of Henry? Particular circumstances, however, justify what, in general ones, would be an unkindness; and these, I am convinced, *sanctify* the silence of Louisa. Sacred and embosomed, beyond the reach of any participation, be all that you desire to keep so. I wait, in patient tenderness, the moment of fuller confidence; and till that arrives, will only assure you that I am connected

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N

with

with every turn of your life, and with every stroke of your fortunes; but will suffer myself to make no more the premature enquiry. All this I owe you in return for the solicitude you express for the welfare of Emma; whose chief pleasure, on this side the separating sea, consists in the correspondence which she maintains with Louisa.

After several days of tedious revelry, the *burry* into which my heart hath been precipitated somewhat subsides. We have left the vapours of London, and got into a serener system. The house of a very old friend of my father's, lately landed from India, is now our residence, and it

was

was once the residence of Emma and of Henry; for it is that very *Castlebury* where my father (who has since sold it to the present proprietor) had used to pass, with his elected friends, some months of every summer. Since his American misfortunes—O pardon me the mention of them!—he detests the country, and has, I find, sold the whole property to the agent employed to provide a country house and some pleasure grounds for Sir Robert Raymond, (that is his name) previous to his arrival in England. The agent fixed upon this spot, and it became the seat of Sir Robert before my father knew that it was to be inhabited by a friend. Sir Robert is delighted with the purchase, and my father re-

joices to see a domain that he once loved, so properly disposed of. You also remember this retreat; for was you not the associate of our flowery infancy?—Louisa and Edward, Henry and Emma, formed the dear, family groupe!—You tell me it soothes you to indulge these sentiments; but, perhaps, they may be too great a trial for the present state of your spirits, and I forbear.

Sir Robert Raymond, our host, is a broad set, brown faced, good natured, very sensible man, with some, not disagreeable, particularities; a large fortune, some time since bequeathed him; and no sort of impertinence in consequence of it. Humour, serious sense,

sense, and observation, divide his character. He was bred to physic, and in the earlier part of his life practised as a sea-surgeon. He is replete with anecdote, and extremely assiduous to animate conversation, without engrossing it. I am particularly the object of his notice, chiefly, no doubt, because he perceives I stand most in need of comfort; and I return his civilities as well as the situation of my heart will allow.

Yet, with respect to the country, I was somewhat mistaken, my friend. I happen to be fixed in a spot where every leaf of every tree appears consecrated. A holy inspiration seems to breathe about me!—Wherever I look

I feel

N 3

I behold

I behold a trait of Henry—I tread the paths where, arm in arm, we have walked together, and I sleep in the very *apartment*, which was formerly devoted to *his* repose. These are small circumstances, Louisa; but they cling close to the heart.—Yes, my dearest friend, this place is not without some softnesses, some seducing sweets, agreeable to the present distress which bears upon my spirits. However depressed, however exhausted, I am in proper feeling to *enjoy* such a retreat. The tender lapse of the streams, the balmy lightness of the air, the serene quietude of shade, the freshness of that verdure which at once charms and *cherishes* the eye, the carol of the gentler kind of birds,
the

the unobtrusive bloom of the softer kind of flowers—*each* and *all* of these conspire to produce that weeping resignation which Louisa has described; and which is the natural effect of a virtuous heart in disappointment.—But still I am unhappy. Since I am not permitted to *talk* of the dear cause of my grief, I *feel* more. Some part of the sorrow, which used to vent itself in language, is now doubled by solitude and silence; like brooks which murmur least, when they are most profound. I write this in a little rocky cavity that stands in the garden, where, at your beloved hour of twilight's soberest grey, I have stepped forth, amidst the fanning fragrance of eve, to meditate and to mourn. But while I

write of my sequestration, it is about to be disturbed, for the tread of an intruder assails my ear,—it is Sir Robert Raymond.——Adieu! oh, Louisa, adieu!

EMMA.
—P.S. If I too much affect your check my pen.

LETTER

LETTER XLVI

TO EMMA CORBETT.

AH no, my charming sister (I will not quit the claim—) I can bear it now—I wish to weep—to weep plenteously, for I am happy—Oh, the proud word! I had lately such prospects of horror before my eyes, that to find them thus unexpectedly *removed*, makes me able to look at the light of the sun with a smile; and *that*, though but of a moment's continuance, is happiness to a wretch like me.—Go on, therefore, go on—proceed to amuse, to affect, to touch me. All hail the varied emotions which your pen inspires! Ah! Emma, Emma, think what a bright beam

beam of bliss must break on the bosom of her, whose chief surviving treasure is rescued from the jaws of DEATH. Think, O think, what a PARENT feels, when wounded in every finer nerve, and then healed again—alas, what have I said? How wild is transport! Into what flights doth extacy carry the heart which is unused to a visitor so radiant! Oh Emma, *Edward is dead*; and yet existence is, at this instant, accounted precious to *his* and to *your*

LOUISA HAMMOND.

LETTER

LETTER XLVII.

TO LOUISA HAMMOND.

“**A** PARENT feels”—I understand you not. And yet such sentiments, at such a time, can surely spring from but ONE sacred source. A *parent* feel! O great God, Louisa! how am I to interpret this?—what am I to think? I pause from my *own* feelings in sympathy of *yours*—yet what am I to think? Consider my suspense. Consider what you owe a faithful, long-tried friend. Consider I am your own

EMMA.

LETTER

LETTER XLVIII.

TO EMMA CORBETT.

YOU are Emma, you are my friend. You are to me, and I to you, all which is comprised in the sweet description that both have a thousand times repeated.

- " We, Emma, like two artificial Gods,
 " Have with our needles created both one flower;
 " Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion;
 " Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
 " As if our hands, and fides, voices, and minds,
 " Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
 " Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
 " Two lovely berries moulded on one stem,
 " So, with two seeming bodies, and one heart."

And shall I longer withhold from you
 the new claims—claims which yet

you know not of—to love me?—

“What shall you think?” O, think of every thing that is *most* tender—think that I have a title to all your *pity*; to all your *affection*—think that the sole pledge of HONOURABLE love is just snatched from the grave; and think too, that you behold the *widow* of the hapless Edward in

LOUISA

And shall I longer withhold from you
the new claims—claims which yet

you

LETTER

LETTER XLIX.

TO LOUISA HAMMOND.

A WIFE, a widow, and the mother of an orphan,—at least of a dear fatherless child! *Married to my brother*, and this the first disclosure! I am all amazement, all terror, and all tears. O explain the mystery! Since *you* have begun, suffer *me* to continue the same sweet language, and to reproach you softly.

“Is all the council that we two have shar’d,

“The sister vows, the hours that we have spent,

“When we have chid the hasty-footed time

“For parting us—Oh! and is all *forgot*?”

No, no, you will *tell* me all, and be indeed the sister of

EMMA.

LETTER L.

TO EMMA CORBETT.

I Have gone too far to recede, and you *shall* know all, though I have broken a trust, and my conscience finites me. I am *used* to *misery*, but the *novelty* of joy was too much to bear, and hath betrayed me. To a very dear and gentle bosom I confess, even to the sister of the man who had bound me in the bonds of honour, and made secrecy a double duty. Yet, I will go on without reserve, so soon as a firmer state of health will permit.—The exertion of my spirits is now succeeded by a worse languor than I have ever before experienced, and I am reduced once more to the necessity of
addressing

addressing you from my pillow. *Suspend*, therefore, your curiosity; pity my weakness, and pray for my recovery—but do not on any account come to me, even should you hear no more from me for some time. I know how to nurse my disorder, and till all matters are explained, I would not wish you again to see the sister of Emma, and the widow of Edward. O let my secret sleep in the innermost sanctuary of your bosom.

Farewell.

LOUISA CORBETT.

LETTER

LETTER LI.

TO FREDERICK BERKLEY, ESQ.

BE so obliging as to tell me, whether it is madness, or dotage, to which I am now reduced? That it is one or the other, (provided it be not a mixture of *both*) is now past question. I cannot suffer Corbett to propose me to his daughter, nor have I the confidence to propose myself. And, indeed, the more frequently I converse with her (which I take all decent occasions of doing) the more I see her, hear her voice, and perceive the sense "distinct and clear" that is falling from her lips whenever she opens them, the less am I able to speak, nay the less assurance have I to

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O

believe,

believe, that so much merit, youth, and beauty, will have any thing to say, seriously, to a fellow with so sun-burnt a form, and unsentimental a set of features, as the middle-aged Robert Raymond.

She hath an affecting trick of shedding tears, Frederick, and of sighing bitterly, which burst upon one so unpreparedly, that though I knew them to be the effusions of her friendship for the young volunteer, I could not find it in my heart to check them; but let a few of the same kind steal down my *own* cheek in very *fellowship of sympathy*. I should upon my word, I *feel* that I should, and I have not sported

sported with my emotions enough to disguise them.

Yet I have never heard her mention the name of Hammond since her arrival at Castleberry, from whence you see I am now dating. Is not this strange? I always thought the tongue was a traitor upon these occasions. She LOOKS Hammond, methinks, but she SPEAKS him not. I think I can interpret her eyes; but *they* are indeed the seat of every fine sentiment, and seem made to express every thing that is gentle and tender, so that it is no wonder. *You*, friend Frederick, are an adept in these matters. Inform me.

Little of this great world can I
speak more "than pertains to feats"
of salves and plaisters, and therefore

"Little shall I grace my cause

"In judging for myself."

I do really think I am engaged in a
very unthrifty undertaking—a look-
ing-glass, that happens to hang near
the table on which I am now writing,
confirms me in this opinion. There
is such a palpable air of *confidence* in
supposing I should succeed, that had
not the torrid zone scorched all the
graces of the blood out of my counte-
nance, I should certainly blush.

I write, you see, in my old way,
but I am put sorely out of my old
road

road for all that. It is, after all, a droll sort of defect I possess, that of really thinking I am too old and ugly to be an object of a young woman's attachment. Yet, there is nothing very preposterous in this idea, either. Speak to Emma, says Passion. Dread a repulse, replies Common Sense. Then give up the point, and think no more about it, cries Prudence. "Ah! teach me how I should forget to think," answers Love, in the language of Romeo. A pretty struggle this for a grave man of forty-three, Frederick, is it not? Between ourselves, I fancy that, when I have procrastinated as much as possible, played the fool with my feelings, and made myself sufficiently miserable, I shall

see the propriety of *escaping* an *explanation*, and so make a match of it in the Temple of *Fancy* only, where a man chooses his own mistress, and can dread no disappointment. After all, I cannot but apprehend there is some little delicacy in this conduct. It proceeds from a quick *terror* of becoming ridiculous. Tender attachments, and all the train of the sensations they produce, are extremely graceful at five and twenty, but when one has reached the wrong side of forty, I do truly think the *belle passion* somewhat *outré*. Yet hitherto, having mixed but little with amiable young women, and never with immodest ones, the ardours of eighteen can scarce exceed my own, and I am, in
this

this first affection, this first love, (for it is absolutely such) as bashful and as awkward as a boy just ushered into the society of the sex. " 'Tis passing strange " and perhaps " passing pitiful ; " but, however you may enjoy the confession, I fully feel all the *tremors of tenderness*.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER LII.

TO LOUISA CORBETT.

“PRAY for your recovery!” Oh, how fervently do I pour the petitionary prayer to the Great Restorer! Dear as is the name of Hammond, much as I love to write it, and sweet as are the sensations which agitate my heart so often as I see it marked upon the paper, there is, methinks, something more dear, more lovely, and more sweet, in that of Louisa Corbett. At least *her title* to use it, seems to bring the *sister* so close upon my bosom, and so soft upon my soul, that I feel uncommon joy at the tidings. A child too—a little *Edward*—is it not so? But I will restrain the torrent—

torrent—I will forbear. I will “pray for your recovery;” and then—ah then, will you not have perfect confidence in your sister

EMMA?

LETTER

LETTER LIII.

TO FREDERICK BERKLEY, ESQ.

OF *bodily* disorders I know the symptoms, but cannot decide with equal skill or precision about those of the *mind*. Pray, thou child of refinement, tell me, what are we to think of a young lady when she seeks occasion to converse with you, when she chooses, rather to chat and walk with a man of forty-three than with several *younger* and *handsomer* visitors who are now at my house; and, above all, when she makes advances to pillage, and desires to become a scholar? Yes, yes, laugh away, but assure yourself that I have *hopes*: for Emma has proposed, by way of country amusement,

amusement, during her stay at my place, to——

——Faith, Frederick, you are such a grinner that I am almost afraid to speak——

——During her stay, as I said, at Castleberry, to study the art of——
Surgery!

Now, as this branch of knowledge can be of no real service to her, I will let you know how I choose to interpret it—*choose*, I say, so don't you put me out of favour with the conceit, nor the conceit out of favour with me.

I *choose* therefore to consider it as a decent way of telling me my friendship

ship is *not disagreeable*, and this idea soothes me; so once again I intreat, you will not be such a raven as to *croak* the comfort from my bosom. Alas, dear friend, half the hopes of this little life are delusive, but while they delude us into happiness, let us not affect to despise them. Imagination is only a gayer name for matter of fact, in *many* cases—*think* so, and 'tis so. If felicity be seated in the mind, it must often depend upon the fair *shadows* of *opinion*, and, one may say, without a paradox, that these are frequently *substantial*. Adieu.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.